

Title: The Bold Stranger

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In a time before time, the Gods that Be assembled a group of artisans, craftsmen and lore masters (for, yes, even in those days, art existed) to create the world of Sosaria. To this group, the gods gave a tiny world, Rytabul, in which to test their works, to see if they were of the quality desired for the true world in which they would be placed. And though the gods were tight fisted with their gold, this small crew worked hard and long, and were happy in their tasks.

A small corner of Rytabul had been claimed by the artisan Selrahc the Slow. Though he was not the fastest of the assembled workers, the gods smiled upon his work, even presenting him with a mystic talisman proclaiming his work the best among the newer artisans. And so Selrahc went about his business, creating hundreds of designs which would one day add color and variety to Sosaria.

One day a stranger appeared to Selrahc. His chest was bare and he wore

trousers of the
brightest green, and
wherever he went,
plants grew in his
footsteps. This
caused Selrahc no end
of trouble, the
stranger always
looking over his
shoulder, and the
plants sprouting in
places Selrahc
required to ply his
art. And so Selrahc
approached the
stranger and bade
him speak. But this
man in green
remained silent.
Selrahc pleaded with
the stranger to give
his name, and would
he please leave
Selrahc to his work.
But this mysterious
stranger remained
mute.

This angered
Selrahc mightily. Who
was this silent man,
interfering with
tasks the gods
themselves had
entrusted to Selrahc?
In an attempt to
embarrass this
interloper, Selrahc
stole his green
trousers, leaving him
naked and open to
comments about his
very manhood, and
still the stranger
would not speak,
would not leave this
tiny corner of
Rytabul.

Vexed to his very
limits, Selrahc took
his war axe and
smote the silent one
mightily, again and
again, until the silent
stranger ran away,
having never said a
word, and never
showed himself in
Rytabul again.

Thus endeth the
tale of the bold
stranger.